Numb. 73

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday September* 24. to *Tuesday September* 27. 1709.

White's Chocolate-House, September 26.

I Cannot express the Confusion the following Letter gave me which I receiv'd by Sir *Thomas* this Morning. There cannot be a greater Surprize than to meet with sudden Enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly Correspondence; which is my Case in relation to this Epistle: And I have no Way to purge my self to the World, but publishing both it and my Answer.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'YOU are a very impudent Fellow to put me into the *Tatler*. Rot you, Sir, I have more 'Wit than you; and rot me, I have more Money than most Fools I have bubbled. All Persons 'of Quality admire me; tho' rot me, if I value a 'Blue Garter any more than I do a Blue Apron. 'Every Body knows I am brave; therefore have a 'Care how you provoke

Monoculus.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

'DID I not very well know your Hand, as well by the Spelling as the Character, I 'should not have believ'd yours of to Day had 'come from you. But when all Men are acquainted, that I have had all my Intelligence from you 'relating to your Fraternity, let them pronounce who 'is the more impudent. I confess I have had a peculiar 'Tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant 'Eloquence of which you are Master, and have 'treated you accordingly; for which you have 'turn'd your florid Violence against your ancient 'Friend and School-fellow. You know in your 'own Conscience, you gave me Leave to touch upon your Vein of Speaking, provided I hid your 'other Talents; in which I believ'd you sincere, 'because, like the ancient *Simon*, you have before 'now suffer'd your self to be defac'd to carry on 'a Plot. Besides, Sir, Rot me, Language for a 'Person of your present Station. Fie, fie, I am 'really ashamed for you, and I shall no more depend upon your Intelligence. Keep your Temper, 'wash your Face, and go to Bed.

Isaac Bickerstaff.

For ought I know, this Fellow may have confus'd the Description of the Pack, on Purpose to ensnare the Game, while I have all along believ'd he was destroying them as well as my self. But because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let 'em see, that I will not throw away the Whip, 'till they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not at the same Time omit the Praises of their Oeconomy express'd in the following Advice,

Mr. Bickerstaff, *Sept.* 17.

'THough your Thoughts are at present employ'd upon the Tables of *Fame*, and marshalling 'your illustrious Dead, 'tis hop'd the Living may 'not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just Honours: And since you have begun to publish to 'the World the great Sagacity and Vigilance of the 'Knights of the Industry, it will be expected you 'should proceed to do Justice to all the Societies 'of them you can be inform'd of, especially since 'their own great Industry covers their Actions as 'much as possible from that publick Notice which 'is their Due.

Paulum sepultæ distat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Hidden Vice, and conceal'd Virtue, are much alike.

'Be pleased therefore to let the following Memoirs have a Place in their History.

'In a certain Part of the Town, famous for the 'freshest Oysters and the plainest *English*, there is 'a House, or rather a College, sacred to Hospitality, and the industrious Arts. At the Entrance 'is hieroglyphically drawn, a Cavalier contending 'with a Monster, with Jaws expanded, just ready 'to devour him.

'Hither the Brethren of the Industry resort; but 'to avoid Ostentation, they wear no Habits of 'Distinction, and perform their Exercises with as 'little Noise and Shew as possible. Here are no 'Under-Graduates, but each is a Master of his 'Art. They are distributed according to their 'various Talents, and detach'd abroad in Parties, 'to divide the Labours of the Day. They have 'Dogs as well nos'd and as fleet as any, and no 'Sportsmen shew greater Activity. Some beat for 'the Game, some hunt it, others come in at the 'Death; and my honest Landlord makes good 'Venison Sauce, and eats his Share of the Dinner.

'I would fain pursue my Metaphors; but a venerable Person, who stands by me, and waits to 'bring you this Letter, and whom, by a certain 'Benevolence in his Look, I suspect to be *Paculet*, 'reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer 'Terms; That the Society had fix'd their Eyes on a 'gay young Gentleman, who has lately succeeded 'to a Title and an Estate; the latter of which 'they judg'd would be very convenient for them. 'Therefore, after several Attempts to get into his Acquaintance, my Landlord finds an Opportunity 'to make his Court to a Friend of the young 'Spark's in the following Manner.

'Sir, As I take you to be a Lover of Ingenuity 'and Plain-dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. 'In few Words then, you are acquainted with 'Sir *Liberal Brisk*. Providence has for our Emolument sent him a fair Estate, for Men are not 'born for themselves. Therefore if you'll bring 'him to my House, we will *take Care of him*, and 'you shall have half the Profits. There's *Ace* and 'Cutter will do his Business to a Hair. You'll tell 'me perhaps he's your Friend: I grant it, and 'tis 'for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into 'ill Hands.

'*We'll carve him like a Dish fit for the Gods,*
'*Not hew him like a Carcass fit for Hounds.*

'In short, there are to my certain Knowledge a 'Hundred Mouths open for him. Now if we can 'secure him to our selves, we shall disappoint all those

'those Rascals that don't deserve him. Nay, you 'need not start at it, Sir, 'tis for your own Advantage. Besides, *Partridge* has cast me his Nativity, and I find by certain Destiny, *his Oaks must be fell'd.*

'The Gentleman to whom this honest Proposal was made, made little Answer; but said, he would consider of it, and immediately took Coach to find out the young Baronet, and told him all that had pass'd, together with the new Salvo to satisfy a Man's Conscience in sacrificing his Friend. Sir *Brisk* was fir'd, swore a Dozen Oaths, drew his Sword, put it up again, call'd for his Man, beat him, and bid him fetch a Coach. His Friend ask'd him, What he design'd, and whither he was going? He answer'd, to find out the Villains, and fight 'em. To which his Friend agreed, and promis'd to be his Second, on Condition he would first divide his Estate to 'em, and reserve only a Proportion to himself, that so he might have the Justice of fighting his Equals. His next Resolution was to play with 'em, and let 'em see he was not the Bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolv'd at last to tell *Bickerstaff* of 'em, and get 'em inrol'd in the Order of the *Industry*, with this Caution to all young landed Knights and Squires, That whenever they are drawn to Play, they would consider it as calling 'em down to a Sentence already pronounc'd upon 'em, and think of the Sound of those Words, *His Oaks must be fell'd.* I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

Will. Trusty.

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to consider to what a Pitch of Confidence this World is arriv'd: Do People believe I am made up of Patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no Enormity to pass, without I have an Understanding with the Offenders by way of Hush-Money; and yet the Candidates at *Queen-Hithe* send all the Town Coals but me. All the publick Papers have had this Advertisement.

London, September 22, 1709.

To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queen-Hithe.

'WHereas an evil and pernicious Custom has of late very much prevail'd at the Election 'of Aldermen for this City, by treating at Taverns and Alehouses, thereby engaging many 'unwarily to give their Votes: Which Practice 'appearing to Sir *Arthur de Bradly* to be of dangerous Consequence to the Freedom of Elections, 'he hath avoided the Excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an Acknowledgment to this Ward 'for their intended Favour, he hath deposited in 'the Hands of Mr. ——, one of the present Common-Council, Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds, 'to be dispos'd of as follows, provided the said 'Sir *Arthur de Bradly* be the Alderman, *viz.*

'*All such that shall Poll for Sir* Arthur de Bradly, '*shall have one Chaldron of good Coals* gratis.

'*And Half a Chaldron to every one that shall not 'Poll against him.*

'*And the Remainder to be laid out in a Clock, Dial, 'or otherwise, as the Common-Council Men of the said 'Ward shall think fit.*

'And if any Person shall refuse to take the said 'Coals to himself, he may assign the same to any 'poor Electors in the Ward.

'*I do acknowledge to have receiv'd the said Four 'Hundred and Fifty Pounds, for the Purpo- 'ses above-mention'd, for which I have given 'a Receipt.*

Witness, J——s H——t,
J——y G——h,
E——d D——s.

J---n M——y.

'*N. B.* Whereas several Persons have already engag'd to Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*; it is hereby farther declar'd, That every such Person as doth 'Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*, and doth also Poll 'for Sir *Arthur de Bradly*, shall each of them receive a Chaldron of Coals *gratis*, on the Proviso 'above-mention'd.

This is certainly the most plain Dealing that ever was us'd, except that the just Quantity which an Elector may drink without Excess, and the Difference between an Acknowledgment and a Bribe, wants Explanation. Another Difficulty with me is, How a Man who is bargain'd with for a Chaldron of Coals for his Vote, shall be said to have that Chaldron *gratis*? If my Kinsman *Greenhat* had given me the least Intimation of his Design, I should have prevented his publishing Nonsense; nor should any Knight in *England* have put my Relation at the Bottom of the Leaf as a Postscript, when after all it appears *Greenhat* has been the more popular Man. There is here such open Contradiction, and clumsy Art to palliate the Matter, and prove to the People, that the Freedom of Election is safer when laid out in Coals, than strong Drink, that I can turn this only to a Religious Use, and admire the Dispensation of Things; for if these Fellows were as wise as they are rich, Where would soon be our Liberty? This reminds me of a memorable Speech made to a City almost in the same Latitude with *Westminster*. *When I think of your Wisdom, I admire your Wealth; when I think of your Wealth, I admire your Wisdom.*

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